

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your slander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him:
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may confere at large.
For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

Du. I much is the force of heauen-bred Poetrie.

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leniathans*
Forake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viste by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Confort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shoves thou hast bin in loue.

Tb. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To fort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, and certaine *Out-laws*.

1. Out-l. Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.

3. Out. Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.
If not: we'll make you fir, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1. Out. That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.

2. Out. Peace: we'll heare him.

3. Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;

A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:

My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurish me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

2. Out. Whether trauell you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. Out. Whence came you?

Val. From *Milaine*.

3. Out. Haue you long sojourn'd there? (staid,
Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. Out. Haue you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,

Or else I often had beene often miserable.

3. Out. By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,

This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. Out. We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theuery.

Val. Peace villaine.

2. Out. Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awfull men,

My selfe was from *Verona* banish'd,

For practising to steale away a Lady,

And heire and Neece, aliue vnto the Duke.

2. Out. And I from *Mantha*, for a Gentleman,

Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

1. Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;

And partly seeing you are beautifide

With goodly shape; and by your owne report,

A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we doe in our quality much want.

2. Out. Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessity,

And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?

3. Out. What saist thou? wilt thou be of our confort?

Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. Out.

1. Out. But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

2. Out. Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd,
Provided that you do no outrages

On filly women, or poore passengers.

3. Out. No, we detest such vile base practises.

Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;

And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;

Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Protheus*, *Thurio*, *Julia*, *Hof*, *Musique*, *Silvia*.

Pro. Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*;

And now I must be as vniuist to *Thurio*;

Vnder the colour of commend'ing him,

I haue access to my owne loue to prefer.

But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy;

To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vowes,

She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne

In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lou'd;

And not withstanding all her todaine quips,

The least whereof would quell a louers hope:

Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,

The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;

But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,

And giue some euening Musique to her eare.

Tb. How now, fir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?

Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue

Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.

Tb. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Tb. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Tb. I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen

Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guest, me thinks your allycholly;

I pray you why is it?

1. In. Marry (mine *Hof*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where

you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that

you ask'd for.

1. In. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

1. In. That will be Musique.

Ho. Hark, hark.

1. In. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare 'm.

Song. Who is *Silvia*? what is she?

That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,

The heauen such grace did lend her,

That she might admiere be.

Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kindnesse:

Loue doth to her eyes repaire,

To helpe him of his blindnesse:

And being b

Then to *Silvia*,

That *Silvia* is e

She excels each

Vpon the dust en

To her let vs

Ho. How now? are you

1. In. You mistake: the M

Ho. Why, my pretty yo

1. In. He plaies false (fath

Ho. How, out of tune or

1. In. Not so; but yet

So false that he grieues my

Ho. You haue a quicke

1. In. I, I would I were de

Ho. I perceiue you delig

1. In. Not a whit, when i

Ho. Hark, what fine cha

1. In. I: that change is the

Ho. You would haue ther

1. In. I would alwaies haue

But *Hof*, doth this *Sir Pro*

Often resort vnto this *Gen*

Ho. I tell you what *Lau*

He lou'd her out of all nick

1. In. Where is *Lauance*?

Ho. Gone to seeke his d

Masters command; hee m

Lady.

1. In. Peace, stand aside, th

Pro. *Sir Thurio*, feare not

That you shall say, my cunn

Tb. Where meeet we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* w

Tb. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu'n

Sil. I thank you for you

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you h

You would quickly learne t

Sil. *Sir Protheus*, as I tak

Pro. *Sir Protheus* (gentle

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass

Sil. You haue your wish

That presently you hie you

Thou subtil, periur'd, false,

Think'st thou I am so shal

To be seduced by thy flatter

That has't deceiu'd so many

Returne, returne, and make u

For me (by this pale queene

I am so farre from granting t

That I despise thee, for thy w

And by and by intend to chi

Euen for this time I spend in

Pro. I grant (sweet loue)

But she is dead.

1. In. 'Twere false, if I shou

For I am sure she is not burie

Sil. Say that she be: yet

Survives; to whom (thy sel

I am betroth'd; and art thou

To wrong him, with thy imp